And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not ſtill enough your worth to ſing:
For we which now behold theſe preſent dayes,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praiſe.

Amazement.

MY love is ſtrengthned though more weake in ſeeming
I love not leſſe, though leſſe the ſhow appeare,
That love is marchandiz'd, whoſe rich eſteeming,
The owners tongue doth publiſh every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the ſpring,
When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
As *Philomel* in Summers front doth ſing,
And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper dayes:
Not that the Summer is leſſe pleaſant now
Then when her mournefull himmes did huſh the night,
But that wild muſicke burthens every bow,
And ſweets growne common looſe their deare delight.
Therefore like her I ſometime hold my tongue:
Becauſe I would not dull you with my ſong.
Alack what povertie my Muſe brings forth,
That having ſuch a skope to ſhow her pride,
The argument all bare, is of more worth,
Then when it hath my added praiſe beſide.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
Looke in your glaſſe and there appeares a face,
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace.

Were

Were it not ſinfull then ſtriving to mend,
To marre the ſubject that before was well,
For to no other paſſe my verſes tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
And more, much more then in my verſe c
Your owne glaſſe ſhowes you, when you l

A Lovers excuſe for his long ab

ONever ſay that I was falſe of heart,
Though abſence ſeem'd my flame to qu
As eaſie might I from my ſelfe depart,
As from my ſoule which in thy breſt doth ly
That is my home of love, if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels I returne againe,
Juſt to the time, not with the time exchang'
So that my ſelfe bring water for my ſtaine,
Never believe though in my nature raign'd,
All frailties that beſiege all kinds of blood,
That it could ſo preposterouſly be ſtain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy ſumme of good
For nothing this wide Vniverſe I call,
Save thou my Roſe, in it thou art my all.
Alas 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made my ſelfe a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine owne thoughts, ſold cheape wha
Made old offences of affections new.
Moſt true it is that I have lookt on truth
Aſconce and ſtrangely: But by all above,

POEMS William Shakespeare LONDON, 1640 THE WARNOCK LIBRARY Octavo